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THE GATHERING OF FIVE
PART THREE

PETER PARKER™

SPIDER-MAN®

NO ESCAPE FROM MADAME WEB!

MACKIE FELCHLE HANNA

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THE DAILY BUGLE...

...A BASTION OF JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY AND HARD-BOILED REPORTING.

CURRENTLY THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE BUGLE RESIDES IS UNDERGOING MASSIVE RECONSTRUCTION. THIS IS NEEDED AFTER THE SUPER CRIMINAL ASSASSIN KNOWN AS **NITRO** WHO ATTEMPTED TO KILL THE CO-OWNER NORMAN OSBORN.

BUT THE PAPERS ROLL ON.

THE NEWS DOESN'T STOP JUST BECAUSE SOMEONE WITH THE POWER TO EXPLODE HIS BODY AT WILL TAKES OUT A FLOOR OR TWO.

HERE, AMIDST THE SETTLING CONSTRUCTION DUST, WE FIND YOUNG PETER PARKER BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL.

HEY THERE, TIGER, YOU UP FOR SPLITTING A MERRY MEAL?

YUM! YUM! THEM'S EATS, **MARY JANE!**

SAPPY MEAL

SO...? HOW'S IT GOING?

FINE. JONAH IS LETTING ME USE THE COMPUTER TO CATCH UP ON SOME RESEARCH I'VE GOT DUE FOR CLASS TOMORROW. IT FIGURES THAT MY HARD DRIVE WOULD CRASH JUST AS I'M TRYING TO CONVINCE MY PROFESSORS THAT I'M ***NOT*** A SCREW-UP!

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU?

NOTHING MUCH. I WAS LONELY AND FELT LIKE TALKING TO MY ADORABLE HUSBAND.

AND WHAT'S ***REALLY*** ON YOUR MIND?

WELL...YOU KNOW AUNT ANNA IS TALKING ABOUT HEADING BACK TO FLORIDA AND I'M NOT SURE HOW MANY MORE MERRY MEALS WE'VE GOT IN OUR FUTURE.

WITH BOTH OF US IN SCHOOL...PART-TIME JOBS JUST AREN'T CUTTING IT.

I HAVE BEEN GETTING SOME INQUIRIES FROM AGENTS LOOKING TO GET ME BACK INTO MODELING. AND I WAS THINKING...

ARE YOU ASKING MY PERMISSION TO DROP OUT OF SCHOOL?

COME ON, PETER! YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN ***THAT!***

I JUST WANT US BOTH TO THINK ABOUT IT. TO KEEP OPEN MINDS.

FINISH UP SOON AND COME HOME. I MISS YOU.

ME, TOO.

Ah, PARKER! POOR, YOUNG, MISERABLE PARKER.

THINGS JUST AREN'T WORKING OUT FOR YOU...ARE THEY?

GO ***AWAY,*** NORMAN!

I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR MIND GAMES.

COME NOW, PARKER, IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE YOU AND I HAVE HAD A FACE-TO-FACE CHAT.

NORMAN, I --

YOU *WHAT*, PARKER?

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY THREAT YOU CAN USE AGAINST ME.

YOU ARE COMPLETELY POWERLESS.

PEOPLE *LOVE* ME, PARKER. THE OSBORN NAME HAS BEEN RESTORED TO ITS RIGHTFUL GLORY.

I AM EVERYTHING YOU WILL *NEVER* BE.

SO JUST SIT DOWN AND LISTEN.

LET ME TELL YOU A STORY. A WORK OF FICTION.

YOU KNOW I ONCE CONSIDERED A LITERARY CAREER AS A YOUNGER MAN.

BUT THAT STARVING ARTIST THING...IT HELD NO APPEAL.

NOW LISTEN TO A STORY OF *TRUE* POWER.

"IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, THAT RIGHT NOW, SOMEWHERE, THERE IS A PACKAGE BEING DELIVERED.

"AN ORDINARY CARDBOARD BOX. NOTHING TO LOOK AT REALLY. WHAT DOES IT HOLD?

"ONLY TIME WILL TELL.

"AS THE BOX IS OPENED, THERE IS A SLIGHT PUFF OF COOL AIR AND A SLIGHTLY ACRID SCENT.

"THE BOX APPEARS EMPTY.

"THE RECIPIENT IS PUZZLED EVEN AS HE FEELS A TINGLING SENSATION OVER HIS ENTIRE BODY...

"...AN ITCHING WHICH SEEMS TO PENETRATE TO THE VERY MARROW OF HIS BONES...

"...AN ITCH WHICH HE NEVER GETS TO SCRATCH.

"FIRST HIS FLESH, THEN HIS MUSCLE, THEN EVERY ORGAN AND BONE IN HIS BODY IS REDUCED TO ITS MOST BASIC COMPONENTS.

"SOON THE AIR CONDITIONING DUCTS CARRY A SIMILAR SCENT TO EVERY OFFICE AND CUBICLE IN THE BUILDING.

"IT ALL HAPPENS WITHIN A SPAN OF THIRTY SECONDS."

IMAGINE THAT, PARKER. WOULDN'T IT A BE A WEAPON OF IMMENSE POWER TO LAUNCH AGAINST ONE'S ENEMIES?

BUT OF COURSE...IT IS SIMPLY A STORY.

A FANTASTIC NARRATIVE LEFT OVER FROM A YOUTH MISSPENT ON H.G. WELLS AND COMIC BOOKS.

NOW I AM ALL BUSINESS.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, NORMAN?

WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME? IS THIS SOMETHING YOU'RE GOING TO DO, OR...

...IF YOU DID THIS THING I SWEAR I'LL --

YOU MISSED THE POINT OF THE STORY, PARKER. AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE BRIGHT ONE.

THERE IS NOTHING YOU ***CAN*** DO.

YOU CAN NO SOONER STOP ME THAN THE MAN IN THE STORY COULD STOP HIS GENETIC DISSOLUTION.

I CAN TAKE ***ANYTHING*** FROM YOU AND THERE IS NOT A ***THING*** YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.

YOU ARE ***NOTHING***...

...AN INSIGNIFICANT PLAYTHING OF WHICH I AM QUICKLY TIRING.

GO TO THE POLICE, OR TO THE PRESS.

WHO WILL THEY BELIEVE?

PETER PARKER, A NE'ER-DO-WELL GRADUATE STUDENT WITH FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, OR NORMAN OSBORN --

-- FINANCIER AND PHILANTHROPIST RESTORED?

BESIDES, PARKER, THIS STORY IS JUST A HYPOTHETICAL EXAMPLE.

OR IS IT?

MADAME WEB DREAMS.

BUT, FOR ONE CURSED WITH AN AGED BODY WHICH CONTINUES TO FUNCTION ONLY BECAUSE OF A MASSIVE ARRAY OF LIFE SUPPORT MACHINERY, AND GIFTED WITH THE POWER OF PRECOGNITION...

...DREAMS ARE A WINDOW INTO THE FUTURE.

IN THE DREAM MADAME WEB IS STILL OLD, ENFEEBLED AND TIRED.

THE DREAMSCAPE AT FIRST OFFERS NO ESCAPE FROM THE PAIN WHICH WRACKS HER BODY.

INITIALLY IT SHOWS NO ESCAPE FROM THE TORTURE HER LIFE HAS BECOME.

BUT SUDDENLY THE DREAM TAKES A DIFFERENT TURN AS A MAN EXTENDS HIS HAND TO HER.

AND NOW WEB KNOWS THAT SHE HAS PASSED FROM THE DREAMSCAPE OVER TO THE AREA OF HER MIND IN WHICH PRECOGNITIVE FLASHES OCCUR.

WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND.

JOIN ME AND YOU WILL HAVE YOUR FONDEST DREAM COME TRUE.

THE SPRING OF YOUTH WILL BE YOURS ONCE MORE.

HOW? HOW CAN THIS BE?

JOIN THE GATHERING OF FIVE.

BRING TO ME THE MISSING PIECE AND YOUTH, IMMORTALITY AND BEAUTY WILL BE YOURS!

THE "MISSING PIECE"? HOW --?

LOOK INTO YOUR MIND. YOU WILL FIND IT FOR ME AND FOR *YOUTH!*

HOW?

SPIDER-MAN.

MEANWHILE...

COME IN.

JONAH, I'M DONE WITH THE COMPUTER AND WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR --

LOOK AT THIS, PARKER. FIFTY PEOPLE. DEAD.

AN ENTIRE BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH FACILITY... GONE.

THE CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL IS ALL OVER THE PLACE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED.

THEY THINK IT WAS A TERRORIST ATTACK. I CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORTER WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THE PLACE.

THE BEST I CAN GET IS THAT THEY ALL SEEMED TO HAVE JUST MELTED WITHIN THEIR CLOTHES.

MELTED?

I WANT NO SPACE DEVOTED TO THIS STORY, JONAH.

THERE IS NO REASON TO PANIC THE PUBLIC WITH STORIES OF A COMING PLAGUE. THEY ARE BEST LEFT TO THE SUPERMARKET TABLOIDS.

YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO SPEAK FURTHER ABOUT THE SENSATIONALISM WHICH HAS BEEN PERMEATING THIS PAPER, JONAH. IT HAS GOT TO STOP.

INTERESTING, NORMAN. I DID SOME DIGGING...

...AND CAME UP WITH A CONNECTION BETWEEN A SMALL SUBSIDIARY OF OSBORN INDUSTRIES AND THE BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH --

YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO GO THERE, JONAH.

THINK OF YOUR FAMILY.

LET IT GO, JONAH.

FORGET WHAT YOU HEARD, PARKER.

AND SLEEP WELL.

NOOO!

YOU ARE SO EASY, PARKER.

IT ALMOST ISN'T A CHALLENGE ANYMORE!

HE'S MAKING ME *CRAZY!*

I DON'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I WAS THIS ANGRY.

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT BEFORE I --

-- BINGO!

YOU KNOW, GUYS, I'VE GOT TO THANK YOU FOR THIS ONE.

YOU TWO BEHEMOTHS ARE LIKE CHRISTMAS AND MY BIRTHDAY ROLLED INTO ONE.

AND THE *"FOUR EYES"* COMMENT...

YOU HAVE NO IDEA!

I'LL BE QUICK.

YOU WALKED DOWN THE WRONG STREET, *FOUR EYES!*

HAND OVER YOUR WALLET AND IT'D BETTER BE *FULL!*

SPIDER-MAN!

I NEED YOUR HELP IF I AM TO LIVE.

WHOA! BIG HEAD!

MADAME WEB? I THOUGHT YOU WERE --

WHOOPS! MISSED WITH THE OL' WEB LINE.

BUT WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT...

... THERE ARE ALWAYS TWO LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS TO COME TO THE AID OF A SUPER HERO IN TROUBLE.

OOPH!

ARGPH!

Er... THANKS, SPIDER-MAN!

THAT ***WAS*** ON PURPOSE, WASN'T IT?

OF COURSE IT WAS.

WHAT'S THE POINT OF DONNING THE SPANDEX IF YOU CAN'T HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH IT?

I REMEMBER A TIME WHEN I WAS GOING UP AGAINST KRAVEN THE HUNTER AND THE SEAT OF MY PANTS SPLIT FROM --

SPIDER-MAN!

I AM RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

I NEED YOUR HELP NOW!

BACK AT THE BUGLE, J.JONAH JAMESON PACES...

HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED.

THE MAN IS A MENACE!

HE TALKS TO ME THAT WAY AND THINKS I WON'T *ACT!*

THINKS I'M AFRAID.

I'LL SHOW HIM!

SHOW HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THIS INSANITY ENDS *TONIGHT!*

ROBBIE.

I WISH YOU COULD BE HERE.

BUT IF THINGS GO BADLY TONIGHT, JOE...

...I'M COUNTING ON *YOU.*

ROBERTSON

NORMAN'S GOT TO BE STOPPED...

... NO MATTER WHAT!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A RUNDOWN HOTEL ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE...

MOTEL

NO... ACK... ARGH!

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO EVEN *THINK* OF BETRAYING NORMAN OSBORN, Ms. MONGRAIN.

YOU HAD SUCH A SIMPLE ROLE TO PLAY, ALISON.

ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS WATCH OVER THE PACKAGE ENTRUSTED TO YOUR CARE AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

BUT Mr. OSBORN KNEW YOU WOULD TRY DOING EXACTLY WHAT YOU AND THE FELLOW FROM THE DAILY BUGLE ARE TRYING TO DO NOW.

YOU MAY HAVE LED OSBORN'S *SCRIER* ON A MERRY CHASE AROUND THE WORLD, BUT I WILL GUARANTEE THAT PETER PARKER NEVER LEARNS THE TRUTH --

KRAK

BACK OFF, *CREEP!*

YOU KNOW MY NAME?

Ah, ROBERTSON. I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD JOIN US.

IT WILL MAKE ELIMINATING BOTH OF YOU SO MUCH EASIER.

ELIMINATE?

KRAK

NOT TODAY!

DO *NOT* RUN AWAY FROM ME AGAIN! I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU TO SAFETY AND TO HELP, BUT...

...RUN FROM ME AND YOU WILL DIE.

ELSEWHERE...

SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...

...SINCE THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU'VE BEEN IN AND OUT OF COMAS, HAVE SUFFERED SHORT-TERM MEMORY LOSS...

...AND JUST REMEMBERED THAT I HAD HELPED YOU IN THE PAST.

THAT IS CORRECT, CHILD.

I ***KNOW*** YOU HAVE HELPED ME IN THE PAST, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW.

I ***KNOW*** YOU ARE CAPABLE OF SUPER-HEROIC DEEDS, BUT AGAIN, I AM AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN HOW. I NO LONGER SEEM TO BE ABLE TO REACH INTO THE MINDS OF OTHERS.

IN MY CURRENT STATE OF DECREPITUDE, THE ONLY THING OF WHICH I AM CERTAIN IS THAT I AM OLD AND WILL SHORTLY DIE.

I HAVE SEEN MY OWN DEATH PLAYED OUT IN MY PRECOGNITIVE FLASHES TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

IN ONE OF THOSE PRECOGNITIVE DREAMS I HAVE LEARNED OF SOMETHING WHICH MIGHT HELP ME.

BUT I WOULD NEED YOUR HELP IN RETRIEVING THIS THING.

SURE. YOU'VE ALWAYS DEALT STRAIGHT WITH ME IN THE PAST.

AS LONG AS IT'S NOT ILLEGAL... I'LL HELP YOU.

I WOULD NOT ASK YOU TO BREAK THE LAW, BUT, I MUST WARN YOU, THE TASK WILL BE A DANGEROUS ONE.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT TO LOOK AT ME, BUT RIGHT NOW I AM ONE GIANT BALL OF PENT-UP ANGER.

HERE'S HOPING THAT I'LL GET A CHANCE TO VENT A LITTLE.

BESIDES...

...HOW HARD CAN IT BE?

MADAME WEB DREAMS.

NORMAN, THIS CEREMONY...THIS GATHERING OF FIVE --?

THE TIME IS ALMOST AT HAND. SIMPLY BRING ME THE MISSING PIECE AND YOUTH SHALL BE YOURS ONCE MORE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW --

OSBORN!

YOU...

...ARE A DEAD MAN!

BLAM

NO!

JAMESON... OSBORN...THE GUN...

...IT CANNOT BE.

"HOW HARD CAN IT BE?"

NOTE TO SELF: NEXT TIME A LITTLE OLD LADY ASKS YOU TO HELP HER...

...ASK EXACTLY HOW DANGEROUS THE TASK IS GOING TO BE!

I'VE GOT YOUR MISSING PIECE, MA'AM.

I HOPE IT WORKS FOR YOU AND...

...IF YOU NEED ANY-THING ELSE DONE...

...YOU MIGHT WANT TO GIVE ***THOR*** A RING! I UNDERSTAND HE'S BACK IN TOWN!

J. JONAH JAMESON IS ABOUT TO MAKE THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.

THE DAILY BUGLE...

DAILY BUGLE

NORMAN OSBORN PUBLISHER

...ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR...

IT IS ALL COMING TO A HEAD.

THE GATHERING IS NEAR.

THE POWER IT OFFERS IS CERTAIN TO BE MINE AT LAST.

THE TIME SPENT WITH THE ANCIENT ORDER OF SCRIERS GAVE ME ALL THE INFORMATION I NEEDED TO ACQUIRE THE PIECES OF ANCIENT POWER AND ENSURE THAT I STAND AT THE CENTER OF THE GATHERING.

ALL THAT I HAVE DONE UP UNTIL THIS POINT WILL BE NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I'LL ACCOMPLISH DURING THE COMING DAYS.

IT IS TIME TO END ALL THE GAMES I'VE BEEN PLAYING.

TIME TO CHANGE.

OSBORN!

AND TO CLEAN UP *ALL* LOOSE ENDS!

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* I'M BEING PUT INTO A SITUATION LIKE THIS AGAIN!

I'M PRACTICALLY MAKING A CAREER OUT OF SAVING THE LIFE OF NORMAN OSBORN.

I *HATE* THE GUY!

IT'S JUST *TOO* MUCH!

WHAT?

THWAP

NO!

FIGHTING SOME SORT OF PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR THAT APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE WHILE I'M TRYING TO STOP THE MAN WHO HAS MADE A CAREER OUT OF SLAMMING ME ON THE COVER OF THE DAILY BUGLE...

DID I SAY THAT *THAT* WAS TOO MUCH?

... *THAT* IS TOO MUCH!

SOMETIMES I JUST HAVE THOSE DAYS.

AND THEY SEEM TO LAST FOR *YEARS!*

BACK AT THE BUGLE...

WHAT IS IT, JONAH? I'VE NO TIME FOR YOUR IDLE CHATTER.

I'M FAR TOO BUSY TRYING TO TURN YOUR PAPER INTO SOMETHING WORTH THE TREES WHICH HAVE DIED FOR IT.

SPEAK UP, JONAH.

I AM A VERY BUSY MAN.

MEANWHILE...

EXCUSE ME, MISTER I-DON'T-KNOW-OR-CARE-WHERE-YOU-CAME-FROM DRAGON!

I HAVE *NO* TIME FOR THIS, SO LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET RID OF YOU AS QUICKLY AS YOUR JAPANESE COUSIN DISAPPEARED FROM THE BOX OFFICE!

GET *OUT* OF HERE, JONAH. YOUR VERY PRESENCE *SICKENS* ME.

I AM *AMAZED* THAT YOUR SON JOHN HAS TURNED OUT AS *BRAVE* AS HE HAS, OR THAT YOUR WIFE HAS *CHOSEN* TO *STAY* WITH YOU.

MARLA IS AN *ATTRACTIVE* WOMAN, JONAH.

SHE COULD DO MUCH *BETTER* THAN YOU.

PERHAPS I --

NORMAN...

... I ...

GET ON WITH WHATEVER IT IS YOU CAME HERE TO SAY.

HE'S ALL YOURS, BOYS!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

I DON'T KNOW! CALL THE *A.S.P.C.A.*, STEVEN SPIELBERG OR SOMETHING?

IT'S *OVER*, NORMAN.

IT ENDS *TONIGHT!*

I WANT YOU OUT OF THE BUGLE, OUT OF THIS CITY AND OUT OF MY *LIFE!*

Oh, DO YOU?

AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO ACCOMPLISH THIS MIRACLE?

OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW EASILY I COULD REACH OUT AND CRUSH YOU, YOUR SON AND YOUR WIFE.

NO MORE *THREATS*, NORMAN!

I --

YOU'LL *WHAT?*

Oh, JONAH...

... PERHAPS I HAVE UNDER-ESTIMATED YOU? COULD IT BE THAT YOU HAVE A SPINE AFTER ALL?

"DID YOU COME TO KILL ME, JONAH?

"TO REMOVE ME FROM YOUR PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A LIFE?

"IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

"DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER?

"FEW DO."

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ASK YOURSELF, JONAH... ARE YOU SURE I'LL DIE?

OTHERS HAVE TRIED AND FAILED. I HAVE COME BACK. I MIGHT AGAIN.

AND *THEN* WHERE WOULD YOU BE?

DO IT!

"DO IT, JONAH!"

PULL THE TRIGGER.

COWARD.

I EXPECTED NOTHING LESS.

YOU ***SICKEN*** ME, JONAH!

BUT THEN, YOU HAVE ***ALWAYS*** BEEN GUTLESS.

IT IS WHY YOU HATE SPIDER-MAN SO.

HE REPRESENTS ALL THAT YOU COULD ***NEVER*** HOPE TO BE.

LOOK AT YOU STANDING THERE AND QUIVERING LIKE A CHILD.

I SHOULD PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.

PLEASE...

NO!

THWAP

YOU DARE...?

WHAT *IS* IT, SPIDER-MAN?

HAVE YOU COME TO GIVE IT ONE MORE TRY? ARE YOU HERE TO GIVE ME ANOTHER BEATING?

OR CAN YOU SIMPLY NOT BEAR TO SEE YOUR TWO GREATEST ENEMIES DO TO EACH OTHER THAT WHICH YOU WOULD *LOVE* TO DO?

HOW SIMPLE *YOUR* LIFE WOULD BE WITHOUT NORMAN OSBORN AND J. JONAH JAMESON.

HERE. TAKE THE GUN.

PROVE TO JONAH THAT *YOU* CAN BE A MAN.

COME ON, JAMESON, I --

YOU?

YOU GET AWAY FROM *ME!*

I DON'T NEED, OR *WANT*, YOUR HELP!

POOR, MISUNDERSTOOD, SPIDER-MAN.

SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES WITH NARY A FRIEND IN SIGHT.

BUT NOT TO WORRY.

ALL YOUR SUFFERING WILL SOON COME TO AN END.

VERY SOON INDEED, M'BOY.

LATER THAT EVENING...

I HAVE BROUGHT TO YOU THAT WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN SEEKING, Mr. OSBORN.

ARE YOU PREPARED TO ENTER FREELY, AND OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL, INTO THE GATHERING OF FIVE...NO MATTER THE CONSEQUENCES?

WHAT MORE CAN HAPPEN TO ME?

I AM AN OLD WOMAN... SOON TO DIE.

I WANT MY YOUTH.

I AM WILLING TO RISK MY LIFE.

EXCELLENT.

I...

"...I SEE...DEATH...DESTRUCTION...A GENETIC BOMB...THE WORLD BROUGHT TO ITS KNEES BY OSBORN... I SEE...SPIDER-MAN DEAD...THE WORLD...***DEAD.***"

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

TO BE CONTINUED...

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